

HEAVY DAY AND NIGHT FIGHTING ON WESTERN FRONT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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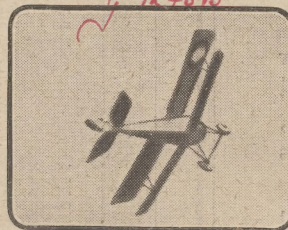
RESIGNATION OF A FRENCH AIR MINISTER: A SEQUEL TO THE RECENT ZEPPELIN RAIDS ON PARIS.



Pilots waiting their turn to go up at the aviation school. They are naturally eager to get their certificates and go to the front.



M. Besnard (wearing bowler) at the school.



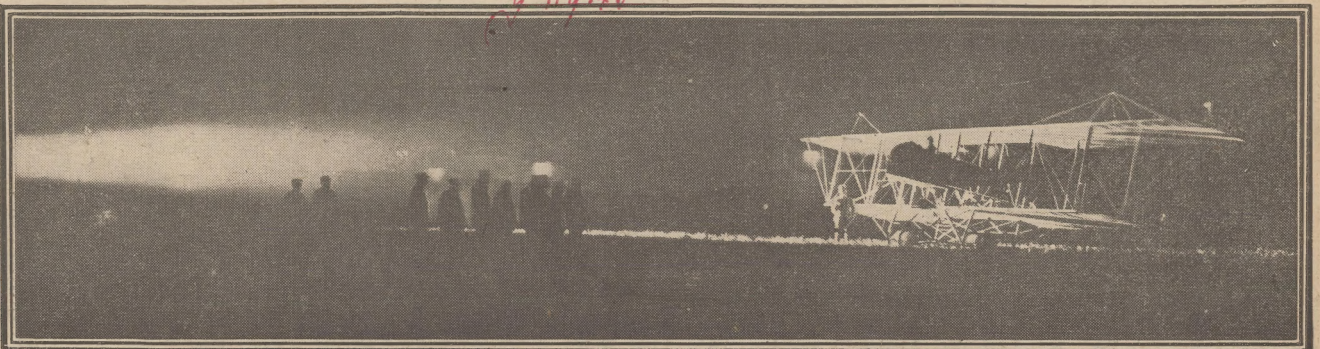
A Zeppelin in flight.



A Farman descending.



An airman preparing to make a flight.



A night at the aviation school. The men make flights in the dark as well as in the daylight.

As with us, the question of air defences is a severely criticised subject on the other side of the Channel, and the recent raids on Paris have resulted in the resignation of M. Rene Besnard, the French Under-Secretary for Military Aeronautics. For

several weeks past there has been a growing agitation against M. Besnard. The pictures were taken on the occasion of M. Besnard's last visit to a flying school.— (French War Office photographs.)



Bring Sunshine into your Home

Fresh and fragrant as "dewy morn beneath the early sunshine," this splendid margarine charms even those who hitherto have bought butter, "no matter what the price." Indeed, the more critical you are, the more you will appreciate the great merits of **Sunshine Margarine.**

Test it, if you will, against any other margarine, and you will be convinced that for purity, brilliance of flavour, Sunshine Margarine is without a serious rival.

Tenpence spent to-day on a trial pound will show you the sure way to make a saving in your weekly bills. You will declare it worth the test.

LIPTON'S

Sunshine Margarine

Per **10^{d.}** lb.

You always
save money at

LIPTON'S

TEA PLANTERS & PROVISION MERCHANTS.
LIPTON, LTD.

LIPTON'S

**1/10
TEA**

A Marvel of Value.



A Case for "Wincarnis"

'Wincarnis' gives New Health to all who are
**Weak, Anaemic,
'Nervy,' 'Run-down'**

Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore you derive a fourfold benefit from every wineglassful. 'Wincarnis' surcharges the body with new strength. And at the same time it creates new vitality. And at the same time it enriches and revitalises the blood. And at the same time it promotes new nerve force. It is because of this wonderful fourfold effect that 'Wincarnis' makes you so well so quickly. And, remember, the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' gives you is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan," not a temporary "patching-up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health, that makes you feel it is good to be alive. But only

WINGARNIS
"The Wine of Life"

will give you this new health and new life. No substitutes—no "just-as-goods"—no drugged wines—can do what 'Wincarnis' does. Don't be tempted to waste your money or risk your health on imitations of 'Wincarnis'. Remember that 'Wincarnis' has a reputation of over 30 years, and that it is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors. If you are Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down,' or suffer from Sleeplessness or Indigestion—don't suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you.

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good. You can obtain regular supplies from all Wine Merchants, licensed Chemists and Grocers.

Send
this
Coupon
for a
Free
Trial
Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W316, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR
penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"Daily Mirror,"
Feb. 11th, 1916.

**Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa**
increases
Strength and Energy

"GETTING THE SACK."



The sacks which originally contained the gifts of flour sent by sympathisers in the United States to the Belgians are being put to good use, and have been converted into comfortable garments for the little Belgian girls in England.

A BRAVE P.C.



Police-Constable D. S. Wood, who has received a gold watch from the directors of the Midland Railway for rescuing a soldier who fell in front of an express train at Norton Station.



Flight-Lieutenant C. W. Graham, R.N., reported seriously injured. He brought down and sank a German seaplane off the Belgian coast a few weeks ago.

GOING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL



Being unable to find anyone to clean and repair the well, this woman donned suitable attire and did it herself. The photograph shows her about to make the 25ft. descent.

FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



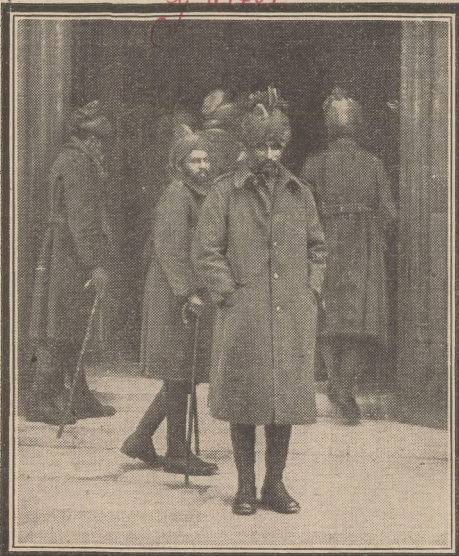
A happy group sent to *The Daily Mirror* by a soldier.

WOMEN AS MINERS.

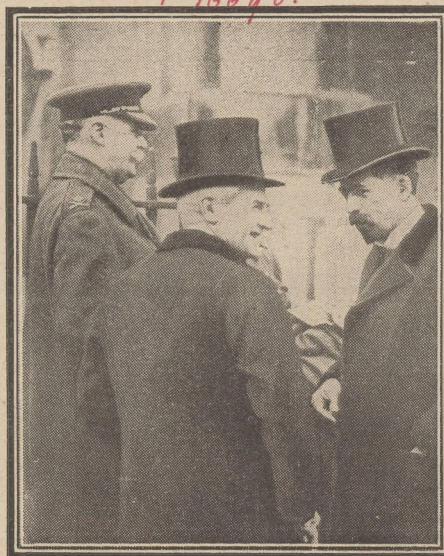


Hundreds of women are doing the work of men at the coal mines in France. In England, however, the miners are unanimously opposed to their employment at the pithead.

IN LONDON YESTERDAY: SERVICE FOR CANADIAN HEROES.



A party of Indians visited the House of Commons yesterday, and the first photograph shows them entering the building. In the second photograph Major-General Carson (left) and Sir George Perley (right), Agent-General for Canada, are seen outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, where they attended a service for members of the Canadian overseas forces.



KING OF BAVARIA FRIGHTENED.

"Illustrious Poltroon" Brings
His Pepper to Antwerp.

SMUGGLED LETTER.

"The King of Bavaria has honoured Antwerp with a visit, and came in such terrible fear that he brought with him his own establishment, his kitchen staff, his foodstuffs, even to his own paper and press."

"He was so frightened that the pockets of every civilian entering the Terminus Hotel, where this illustrious poltroon stayed, were searched."

"Moreover, the whole staff of the hotel were confined to one part of the building, from which they might only move by order and where they were guarded by soldiers. What a cheerful fellow!"

The above is an extract from a vivid letter which was smuggled into Holland, and reached London within five days of leaving Antwerp.

PASSING OF THE CARDINAL.

Writing early in the month the correspondent says:—"Cardinal Mercier came to celebrate a Salut Solennel to Our Lady on January 2."

"After the procession he put on his long-trained robe and his emine cape and passed among us, giving his benediction and stooping down frequently to give his ring to be kissed."

"Did you know that the man who denounced Miss Cavell has been killed at Scharbeek by two young men? It is a good job."

"The Germans are making feeble inquiries; the people naturally do all that they can to hinder them."

"We often go to Brussels for a few days. Do you know that we saw M. and Mme. — at the only hotel one can stay at without meeting Germans?"

"S.'s brother has returned from Germany. He has been exchanged. He says that it is impossible to subsist there on what the Germans allow the prisoners."

THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

"They are beginning again to store up provisions here; it really is comic! That famous famine that has threatened us for so long!"

"You would shudder to think that butter costs seven francs a kilogramme (2lbs.), meat five francs, oranges eighteen centimes apiece; we had to declare all tea, coffee or chocolate if we possessed more than ten kilograms."

"There has been a great swarm of rumours here lately, the best is that four large German warships are interned in the Dutch ports and that the British fleet is preparing to bombard Rotterdam."

"The French, Russian, Italian and English still remaining in Antwerp must return home by eight o'clock in the evening. They must leave their doors open and not object if a sentry enters their house in the middle of the night or at any other time between eight at night and eight in the morning to see if they are at home."

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIERS.

Brentford Boys' School claims to have given the Army the two youngest soldiers. They are Albert Pearce, aged thirteen, and John Reynolds, aged fourteen.

Reynolds, who is in the Royal Fusiliers, has made several journeys from France in charge of prisoners of war.

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John Reynolds.

Albert Pearce.

Reynolds, who is in the Royal Fusiliers, has made several journeys from France in charge of prisoners of war.

EMPIRE'S FOOD SUPPLY.

"What the Australians have determined to do is to keep their food for their own people, for the British Dominions, and especially for the assistance of the Mother Country."

Such was the important declaration made yesterday by Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia, at a complimentary luncheon given by the Imperial Industries Club, at which the Lord Mayor, Sir C. E. Wakefield, as president of the club, presided.

A NATIONAL AND NURSERY CALAMITY

"It would not be too much to say that it would be a national calamity to curtail the supply of sweets to children!"

That was the view expressed to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by Mr. W. Clarke Saunders, of the Confectioners' Union, when discussing the Government's intention to restrict sugar supplies in the near future.

"Nothing gives young people so much real happiness at the cost of a penny as chocolates and sweets," he said. "Children crave for sweets soon after leaving the cradle, and the craving is a natural one."

There is more energy stored up in a pound of sugar than in three or four times the same weight of animal food."

FIGHTING POETS.

Cheerful Jingles and Sentimental
Verses by Soldier Authors.

"A TEMPORARY SPINSTER."

Almost every other soldier is a poet nowadays judging by the hundreds of quaint effusions which are reaching the soldier-editors of regimental journals.

Some interesting facts about these soldier poets were given to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by one of the promoters of a popular regimental paper.

"I always imagined that soldiers were the last people in the world to write poetry," he said.

"I have lately discovered that nine 'Tommys' out of ten are poets at heart, and are really fond of turning out rhymes. If they want to describe anything as camp or at the front which has particularly impressed them they seem infinitely to prefer writing poetry to prose."

A few typical soldiers' poems were shown to *The Daily Mirror*, a rather amusing effort, written by a youthful "Tommy," started off as follows:—

Fall in! The clarion tone rang clear
Upon the cold, crisp morning air.
The men fell in, and answered "Here!"
Fine strong lads with never a care.
Straightaway then spoke the Colonel bold,
A fine old soldier, true as steel,
His head held high, his arms did fold,
His spirit there they all did feel.

Other poems dealt with camp life, written in the breeziest, light-hearted style. A second lieutenant, in a little skit on his "temporary rank," writes:—

My permanent profession was not lucrative or grand,
And permanent old dowager has twice refused my hand.

Now a temporary spinster, the sole heiress of an estate,
Is smitten by my whiskers and their temporary curl.

A striking feature of these soldiers' poems is that all show a cheery and optimistic spirit.

"ANZAC-ON-SEA."

Injunction Granted on Behalf of Sixty
Persons Awarded Prize Plots.

The proposed new coast resort of Anzac-on-Sea was the subject of a successful application yesterday in Mr. Justice Younger's court.

Mr. C. A. Bennett moved, ex parte, for an injunction in an action in which a Mr. Bailey and fifty-nine other persons were plaintiffs, and the defendants were Mr. C. W. Neville and the South Coast Land and Resort Company.

Counsel said he wanted an injunction to restrain the defendants from parting with certain moneys to the credit of Mr. Neville or the company in the Temple Bar Branch of the Capital and Counties Bank.

On January 9 the defendant Neville advertised offering £2,600 in prizes to anybody who would suggest a name for a new south coast resort.

Counsel said that £100 was offered in cash for the first prize, and fifty consolation prizes of freehold plots of land on the estate, similar to those being offered for sale at £50 a piece.

Two people sent in the name Anzac and received £50 each. The number of consolation prizes was not limited to fifty, for it appeared that at least 3,000 were awarded.

Each successful competitor was informed that he would obtain his plot by paying three guineas for conveyance and stamp duties.

There was evidence, counsel asserted, which showed that the estate was absolutely derelict, that you could not get down to the sea at all, and that if you did there was no beach.

"These sixty plaintiffs claimed that they were entitled to repudiate the gift."

The Judge granted the injunction asked for.

BEER NOT TO BE DEARER.

There is, at present, no question of the price of beer being increased.

The secretary of the Brewers' Society said yesterday: "No special meeting of the Brewers' Society is to be held. The price of bottled beers was raised a week or two ago, but there is absolutely no truth in the suggestion that the price of beer is likely to be increased."



Crowd in Salonika watching an air fight.—(Crown copyright reserved.)

QUEENS AT MATINEE.

Royalty Watches Acting of Young
Amateurs at the Ritz.

SURPRISE VISIT TO SOLDIERS.

The Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were among a large audience at a children's matinee at the Ritz Hotel yesterday.

The matinee, which was in aid of charities, was promoted by members of the royal entourage, the wife of one of the King's Equerries was a joint adapter of one of the playlets produced, and the performers included Master George Godfrey-Faussett, Misses Victoria Ann, Cecilia, Violet and Sonia Keppel, Master John Ward and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, younger daughter of the Prime Minister.

The opening piece was "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," adapted by the Hon. Mrs. W. Erskine and Mrs. B. Godfrey-Faussett. It was in one act, and the scene was "A Garden of Flowers."

Master George Godfrey-Faussett took the part of Peter Pan and Master John Ward (son of one of Queen Alexandra's Equerries) played the White Rabbit.

The second item on the programme was "The Rest Cure," in which Miss Elizabeth Asquith took the part of Olive-Clarence Reed's wife.

Both productions were highly creditable, and at the close the juvenile actors and actresses united in singing "God Save the King."

Now that the King is well on the high road to complete recovery, he has resumed his visits to wounded officers under treatment at home.

His Majesty, attended by Lord Hershell, paid the first of these resumed visits privately yesterday.

A royal surprise visit was made to the Y.M.C.A. Huts on Wednesday at Grosvenor-gardens, Victoria, and the Industrial Museum at Horseferry-road, Westminster.

The visitors were Queen Mary, Princess Mary, Prince Albert and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

There were, however, about 200 soldiers present, consisting mainly of Australians and West-minster Dragoons, and the Queen expressed a desire to serve them with tea.

This she did, to the great delight of the men, who gave her Majesty three hearty cheers.

ECONOMY THAT IS EASY.

There are many forms of economy that are difficult. Here is one that is easy—

Order your "Daily Mirror" in advance at your newsagent's shop or bookstall or from your newsdealer. At any rate, be sure to buy it regularly at the same place.

You will thus help to provide more space in our ships for articles required for the war.

For much space is at present wasted in the carriage of paper consumed in printing copies which are unsold.

To order your "Daily Mirror" to be sent regularly. You will thus enable the publisher to estimate with greater precision the actual number of copies the public require.

"THOROUGHLY AWAKE, BUT—"

Sir Oliver Lodge states that many devices dealing with Zeppelins have been brought before the Admiralty Board of Inventions which has held frequent meetings.

Experts are thoroughly awake to the problem, but the Government could not give away its secrets to the enemy.

BOY WHO WANTED TO MARRY.

A boy, aged fifteen, named Mafeking Robert Randall, of Abingdon, Berks, died on what was to have been his wedding day as the result of a bicycle accident the night before.

At the inquest yesterday his father said he told deceased he would stop the wedding and would not allow him to be married until he was twenty-one.

Randall's fiancée, aged twenty-one, said that on the wedding eve Randall said his bicycle bumped on the kerb.

A doctor said death was due to hemorrhage of the brain.

SILENT AMERICAN MAKES A SLIP.

Colonel House's One Fact In
"Say Nothing" Interview.

"I DON'T THINK OF WAR."

An American, who does not talk, has just arrived in London, and at a late hour last night was still maintaining his record for silence.

This silent American is Colonel House, the emissary of President Wilson to Europe. Following the example of the President, who said he was "too proud to fight," Colonel House, it might almost be said, seems to have decided that he is too proud to take any risks in the "interview," for:

He has just arrived from a visit to Paris, Geneva, Basle, and latterly Berlin, and has nothing to say about any place.

Colonel House is staying at the Ritz Hotel. He received *The Daily Mirror* yesterday for an "interview," and said nothing.

The Colonel guards his reputation for reticence with extreme jealousy. He had evidently decided to avoid the question of taking any risks in the "interview," for:

He could not say whether he had formed any opinion as to how long the war would last.

He could not say what most interested him during his visit to the Continent.

He could not say that he had noticed any difference between Berlin and London in war time.

He could not, indeed, say anything on subjects on which other people talk with freedom.

"Did you make any observations at all?" *The Daily Mirror* asked him.

"None in particular," was the calm reply. On one point, however, Colonel House did "commit himself." He opines, he said, to return to America on Saturday, the 19th inst.

At Berlin the silent American stayed with the American Ambassador, and "the entertaining that was done," he said, "was there."

"Did you see Prince von Buelow?"

"No, I did not," replied the colonel, adding, "I returned to Basle, back to Paris, then to London. I shall go home by the Rotterdam."

"Did you hear any discussion on the possibilities of peace?"

Colonel House remarked: "I have not heard peace discussions anywhere because I purposely avoided them."

Questioned as to the outcome of the war, Colonel House replied vaguely: "I have heard nothing. I do not think about it."

Finally he was asked: "Has your trip been successful?" The colonel's reply was, "That depends which way you mean."

HUNS' MAP OF IRELAND.

Mr. Redmond Tells of Foe's Minute Plan
Showing Practically Every Farm.

Mr. Redmond, speaking at a recruiting meeting in the Dublin Mansion House yesterday, referred to the recruiting slowness of Irish farmers. On this point he said:—

"I saw a most significant and it seemed to me a truthful statement, on the face of it, published not long ago from the front about a document found in the hands of a Russian officer."

"There was a series of maps, and among them was a map of Ireland so minute that not only every parish, but practically every farm in the parish, was marked upon it."

"If the Germans came here they would do as they have done in Belgium."

MUSEUMS MUST CLOSE, SAVE ONE.

Mr. Asquith yesterday received a deputation representing prominent art and museum associations, which urged him to reconsider the decision to close all museums.

In his reply Mr. Asquith said that the closing of the museums was only one of the numerous economies which Government were about to make.

He agreed that the popular side of the Natural History Museum, now much frequented by wounded soldiers, was an exceptional case, and he had come to the conclusion that it should remain open; otherwise the decision of the Government must stand.

MAGISTRATE'S MARGARINE EPIGRAM.

Fining a Fulham dairyman named William Graham yesterday for selling margarine for butter, Mr. Fordham, the West London magistrate, observed: "I understand margarine to be the substance which everyone except domestic servants eats nowadays."

SULTAN'S WEDDING BANQUET.

CATRO, Feb. 9.—Miss Irene McMahon, younger daughter of Colonel Sir Henry McMahon, High Commissioner for Egypt, was married quietly this afternoon to Captain Evans-Gordon.

The Sultan of Egypt last night gave a banquet in honour of the bridal couple.—Reuter.

Read "What America Really Thinks," by Mary Mortimer Maxwell, on page 7.

GERMANS MAKE STRONG NIGHT ATTACK ON FRENCH AT NEUVILLE

Artillery Duel Continues Day and Night in Artois.

"BIG SECTOR TAKEN."

Enemy Claims Successful Onslaught Near Neuville.

MR. WILSON WRITES AGAIN

THE GERMAN "NIBBLE."

Furious fighting continues day and night on the western front. The Germans yesterday claimed to have captured a large trench section north-west of Vimy, and to have taken fifty-two prisoners and twenty-two machine guns in the Neuville district. The enemy admits that the French got a foothold in a small trench section south of the Somme.

Artois is the scene of most of the fighting. A strong night attack, Paris states, was made by the Germans on the French positions on the road from Neuville to La Folie. The onslaught was repulsed.

IMPRESSING RUMANIA.

Fighting in the Bukovina and Bessarabia is at a standstill for the time being. It will not be long, however, before it breaks out again with ever-increasing violence.

A Petrograd telegram puts the whole matter of the battles for Czernowitz in a nutshell. The Austrians realise that on the fate of the capital of the Bukovina rests the future of Rumania.

ANOTHER U.S.A. NOTE.

The United States Government has now issued a Note to Austria demanding an apology for a submarine attack on the Standard oil steamer Petrolite. The Austrian submarine commander said he mistook the oil steamer for a British cruiser!

ROME'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE FRENCH PREMIER.

Flowers, Flags and Cheers for M. Briand and Colleagues.

ROME, Feb. 10.—The arrival of the Briand Mission in Rome was the occasion of a great demonstration.

A huge crowd had gathered at the station behind a cordon of troops. The station was decorated with flowers and French and Italian flags.

Red plush carpets had been laid down on the platform where the train was to arrive.

CROWDED BALCONIES.

The hotels and houses around the station had their balconies hung with flags and were full of people.

When the train with M. Briand, M. Thomas, M. Bourgeois and the other members of the mission arrived, Signor Salandra, the Premier, Baron Sonnino, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and General Zuppoli, Minister of War, the Under-Secretaries of State, Signori Borsarelli and Dallolio, the French Ambassador, and the local authorities were there ready to receive them.

A company of grenadiers with standard and band rendered military honours.

Loud cheers were raised by the crowd.—Reuter.

HOW FRISE WAS TAKEN BY THE GERMANS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 10.—According to the reports of German war correspondents, the attack upon Frise was most carefully prepared.

For exactly eight hours the French positions were furiously bombarded and then the word was given for the attack.

The Germans instantly dashed forward and by their quickness of action surprised the occupants of some of the French positions which had suffered particularly from the artillery fire.

At other points a vigorous resistance was encountered, and even the Germans admit the heroic behaviour of the French soldiers.

Though all German reports boast of the magnitude of the "Victory of Frise," the correspondent of the *Koelnische Zeitung* says that during the first day over 500 prisoners were made while the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* makes the importance of the victory rest upon the fact that during the same period 170 French were captured.—Central News.

STRONG NIGHT ATTACK ON NEUVILLE ROAD.

German Onslaught Repulsed by French—Revolver Gun Captured.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 10.—This afternoon's French communiqué says:—

In Artois the artillery duel was continued from Hill 119 to the Neuville-Thelus railway. In a fight with grenades we drove the enemy from some communication trenches occupied by him west of La Folie.

The Germans at nightfall delivered a strong attack on our positions on the Neuville-La Folie road. The attack was repulsed.

The enemy was able to set foot only in one of the craters which we had recaptured from him. South of the Somme in the course of local actions during yesterday and the day before we took about fifty prisoners, two machine guns and one revolver gun.—Central News.

BERLIN'S BIG CLAIM.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 10.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

North-west of Vimy our troops captured a large trench section from the French and conquered in the neighbourhood of Neuville one of the craters previously lost to the enemy. Fifty-two prisoners and twenty-two machine guns remained in our hands.

South of the Somme several French local attacks were repulsed. To the north of Baccoucourt the enemy succeeded in obtaining a foothold in a small section of our foremost line of trenches.

On the Combres Hill we destroyed an enemy mine position by means of an explosion.

Eastern Theatre.—On the fronts held by the army groups of General von Linsingen and General Count von Bothmer attacks by weak enemy detachments were defeated by Austro-Hungarian troops.—Wireless Press.

U.S.A.'S TRIPLE DEMAND OF AUSTRIA.

Apology, Punishment and Indemnity for a Submarine Attack.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The *World's* Washington correspondent says that Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, has addressed a Note to Austria, demanding an apology for the submarine attack on the American steamer Petrolite, the punishment of the commander of the submarine, and an indemnity for the injury sustained.

The Note says:—"The submarine fired without warning on the Petrolite. It continued firing after the Petrolite had stopped, wounding one man."

SEAMAN AS HOSTAGE.

"The submarine came alongside, and requested that it might buy provisions, which the Petrolite refused to sell. The Austrian commander replied that he would take what was needed by force, if necessary."

"The submarine commander thereupon removed an American seaman to the submarine, and held him as hostage while Austrians boarded the Petrolite and helped themselves to supplies."—Reuter.

GERMANS' SUEZ ARMY.

ROME, Feb. 10.—German dispatches received here to-day announce that Prince Leopold of Bavaria will command the Turco-German army "which will attack the Suez Canal in the spring."

It is further announced that 40,000 Turks for this army have already concentrated at Smyrna.—Exchange.

WHY DID CROWN PRINCE GO NEAR SWISS FRONTIER?

Visit of Kaiser's Son and His Staff to St. Louis.

BASEL, Feb. 10.—The German Crown Prince, accompanied by his General Staff, arrived in the Alsatian village of St. Louis close to the Swiss frontier. He was received at the town hall by the syndic.

During his visit a violent aerial battle was observed to be in progress in the direction of Altkirch, and the sound of the machine gun fire caused a panic in the streets.

The Crown Prince left half an hour later for Mulhouse by motor-car.—Central News.

[Note.—The above report is not without its special interest, in view of the published rumours as to the significance of the closing of the Swiss-German frontier.]

St. Louis is on the main road from Mulhouse to Basel, close to its junction with the road that runs from the latter place through Altkirch towards Belfort.]

WHY THE GERMANS CLUNG TO CZERNOVITZ.

Feared Its Fall Would Bring Rumania to Allies' Side.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 10.—Military critics point out that the Russians, by occupying Ussetchko and forcing the passage of the Dniester, threaten, if they continue their offensive, all the enemy positions in the Czernowitz region.

According to statements made by prisoners, the desperate defence of Czernowitz by the Austro-Germans, which cost them enormous losses, was dictated not by strategic, but by political considerations, for an order was issued to all the troops emphatically declaring that the fall of Czernowitz would bring about the immediate adherence of Rumania to the Quadruple Entente.

Owing to the flooding of the Oghinsk Canal in consequence of a sudden thaw, the Germans had to evacuate their whole second line of trenches in that district, losing great quantities of ammunition in doing so.—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—The Rome correspondent of the *Petit Journal* says:—

No credence should be attached to the sensational statements representing Rumania as having replied to the German demarches in such a way as to give it to be understood that she was decidedly taking sides with the Allies.

What is true is that a short time ago Germany's demands for explanations became more and more pressing.

It is probable that the Berlin Chancery more had been urged to take this course by Bulgaria, which was very desirous of being definitely reassured on the Danube.—Reuter.

"GREECE WILL NOT VAINLY SACRIFICE HERSELF."

ATHENS, Feb. 9 (received yesterday).—In the Chamber to-day the Premier read a statement explaining the necessity for Greece to maintain a policy of complete neutrality.

He also expressed his regret at the violation by belligerents of the neutrality of certain Greek territory.

Deputy Popp attacked the Government, and called for an immediate demobilisation, but M. Gounaris emphasised the necessity for maintaining the forces in a state of complete mobilisation, and declared that this would be done so long as the national needs called for it.

M. Skouloudis, winding up the debate, urged members not to insist upon their right to discuss the matter in detail.

"Greece," said the Premier, "will fight only for the preservation of her own interests. She will not vainly sacrifice herself." (Loud cheers).—Central News.

TRAM-CAR TARGET IN KENT RAID.

Attack on Vehicle Full of Women and Children.

ESCAPE OF A SCHOOL.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following statement was issued last night by the War Office:—

The following further information with regard to the air raid on Kent on Wednesday has been received:—

The first raider appeared to have selected as his target a tramway-car full of women and children.

The first bomb fell on the road close behind the car and exploded without any damage.

The driver pulled up immediately and the passengers alighted.

There was no panic, although the raider could be plainly seen circling round at a great height, and three more bombs were dropped in an adjoining field.

The second raider made his attack on a large girls' school, and one bomb fell through the roof and exploded in an upper story, doing some material damage.

Portions of the ceiling fell into the room below, where a class of small children was being held, and one little girl was slightly cut on the foot and a maid slightly injured.

Three other bombs fell in the school grounds, where two of them exploded without damage.

The third failed to explode.

Two other bombs were dropped on outlying parts of the town, causing slight material damage and a woman some cuts on the cheek.

Within a few minutes of the sighting of the hostile aircraft naval and military aeroplanes went up in pursuit, but were unable to overtake them, owing to the precipitate nature of their flight.

FATE OF A CHICKEN.

The three people who were injured in the air raid on Kent on Wednesday afternoon were a pupil and a domestic servant at a Broadstairs girls' school and a woman resident. The former were cut about the legs by falling glass and the latter is suffering from slight cuts on the nose.

Several bombs fell in the playground of the girls' school.

When the raid occurred some of the girls—who number between 100 and 200—were having lessons. Others were playing hockey and otherwise amusing themselves in the recreation field.

In the midst of their game they heard the humming of an aeroplane engine. Assuming that it was one of their own aircraft, they began looking for it in the sky.

All that could be seen was a speck high up in the clouds.

We continued to watch it," said one of the girls, "and then got a very unpleasant shock. Something dropped on the school roof and there was a terrific explosion."

The girls ran—those inside the building for the open field and those outside making for shelter.

Five bombs dropped in the playing fields without anyone being struck.

The bomb that pierced the roof descended no lower than the upper stories, which happily were deserted at the time.

"A LOVELY SIGHT."

"A lovely sight!" exclaimed one spectator as he walked along the road and looked up at the aeroplanes, which scintillated in the sun.

Scarcely had he spoken when a bomb fell in the neighbourhood, and his admiration for the spectacle changed on discovering that the airmen were German and not British.

So far it has been ascertained that nine bombs at least were dropped on Ramsgate and twelve on Broadstairs.

One buried itself three feet deep in the garden of a private residence.

It has been unearthed and taken to the coast guard station.

Spherical in shape, this bomb was sixteen or eighteen inches long, and had at one end what looked like a small propeller.

SCRAMBLE FOR SOUVENIRS.

On the other hand, two very elderly women rushed out just after a bomb had burst in an opposite field and struggled through a hedge in competition with schoolchildren in order to seize souvenirs.

A daughter of Councillor Hicks and a daughter of Mr. Skinner, clerk to the local council, were waiting to Ramsgate when a bomb fell about fifteen yards away from them.

A shower of earth was thrown up, and the girls fell on their knees, cutting them slightly.

Shortly after three more bombs fell in a field close by. After these had exploded the girls got up and picked up pieces of the bombs, which they took away as mementoes.

One bomb fell in a field, a football match was in progress, many convalescent soldiers taking part. The shell burst with a terrific explosion, close to the referee, who had a miraculous escape.

Picking himself up he remarked that as for danger he "thought he'd rather be at the front." None of the players was touched.

Near one damaged building a mangled chicken was picked up.



Rocks for the new mountain roads. The photograph was taken in the Balkans.



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Essex, says: "I used Veno's for my baby when she
was suffering with whooping cough and bronchitis
and I am quite satisfied it saved her life. She had
been suffering for weeks, and was just as ill as she
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awful. She always went sick with them; nothing
at all would remain on her stomach. And, naturally,
she was getting quite thin and weak for want of
nourishment. All through the day and night these
terrible attacks would seize her, till poor baby was
quite worn out with the strain of coughing. Of
course, I tried everything I could think of, one
remedy after another; but they made her worse
instead of better, for none of them would remain on
her stomach. But Veno's agreed with her at once,
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The attacks got less and less frequent, and soon she
was absolutely cured."



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and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916.

LINCOLN OR NAPOLEON?

WHEN a war dinner-table discussion arises concerning the Strong Man whom the Allied nations have hitherto called for in vain during the war, most people instance Napoleon as the "sort of man we want."

We ventured here a little time ago to hint at the probable fate of the old Napoleon, or of a new Napoleon, at present—we drew a picture of his immediate and swift suppression by the dug-outs and lawyer politicians.

Why then, wasn't he "frozen out" when he verifiably, historically did come? Why didn't Barras and his gang of the Directorate, batten on half-starved Paris after years of revolution and war—why didn't they suppress him?

Because they needed him so much! They needed him for their own defence. They began by employing him. They hoped he would be good. But the deeds of the Army of Italy were too much for them. A disgusted country was ready for him; but only because for years society had been in fusion all about him. Landmarks were removed. The flood was everywhere. Let us sum it up by saying that France brought forth her man of destiny in travail of spirit—after much labour and agony. Without such preliminary effacement of old prejudices, Napoleon would have been as powerless as was Mirabeau, earlier; who, with all his genius, was unable to do more than prophesy in vain.

The analogy from a century ago, then, would seem to teach us that several more years of war are needed before our uncritical country, so intellectually inert, will even realise that we need other men than those we are stumbling on with.

We look for other analogies. Perhaps it would give the dinner-tables a change—and make them a little more cheerful—to invoke the shade of Lincoln, instead of that of Napoleon. And indeed the history of the American Civil War bears much closer likeness to our actual struggle. If we want a hero to invoke, Lincoln is nearer to our present need. His amazing sagacity, resolution, energy and beautiful mercy make him in the full sense a greater than the Corsican. But what we chiefly admire in him, looking back, is the constancy with which he kept in mind this aim—to win his war.

"But don't we all keep that in view?" No. Many of us prefer "principles"—liberal principles; and people—big fetishes; and "optimism"—to keep cheerful in spite of facts.

Lincoln had just such tendencies to combat, but his loyalty to the cause led him across them. He too, in such men as McClellan, had fetishes—popular idols—to overthrow. He overthrew them. He too had prejudices to combat. "No conscription!" He forced conscription on the people. "Didn't Grant drink too much whisky?" He wished he knew the brand, in order to give it to the other generals! McClellan overthrown, because he failed. Conscription brought in—to win. Grant to the front, because he succeeded. This is realism in war. Lincoln was its master. Therefore he won.

Lucky American people, in the hour of their testing, to find good "father Abraham."

A week-end topic—a week-end regret—for dinner-tables! W. M.

THE SNOWDROP.

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old-time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid! —TENNISON.

WHAT AMERICA REALLY THINKS.

SOME NOTES OF MY RECENT VISIT TO THE STATES.

By MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL.
(Author of "An Englishwoman in New York.")

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the United States.

The object of my visit was to find out, by careful investigation and conversations with all sorts of Americans, whether or not Uncle Sam had lost his spinal column. Certain reports had reached me to that effect, and they troubled me.

So in November I went sailing across the ocean under the protection of the Red Ensign. Even while I was on the boat I took advantage of the opportunity to talk with Americans, who made up most of the passenger list. I got out my moral X-ray photographic apparatus and turned it on to these Americans, and I found

intelligent American porters carted my trunks from the delightfully kind Customs inspector to a cab whose driver charged me 14s. for driving me three-quarters of a mile and never blushed at it.

"From old London?" asked the porter, and I told him I was.

"They're gettin' a move on over there now, I hear," he remarked. "Wish to Gawd we'd get one on here! We'd better be in the war and call it war than have Europeans thinkin' we ain't got any stiffenin' in ou' backs. By Gum! I wish old Teddy was in the White House!"

"So do I," I said.

THE FRIENDLY PORTER.

"Shake!" He smiled, extending his hand, and though it wasn't exactly the sort of thing we do with unknown porters in England, I shook hands with him.

Arrived at my hotel, the driver asked me: "Are we going to win?"

"I notice you say 'we,' though you're not in the war," I said.

"Well, I guess I'm some Ally, whether we're fighting just now or not!"

MODERN CHILDREN: THEIR BEST AND THEIR WORST



It's said we grown-ups keep our best manners for society. It's so "artificial" of us! But aren't children the same? They too know how to put on nice ways, which, in ordinary life, they cannot bother to keep up. (By Mr. W. K. Hensel.)

not one who seemed to be of the jelly-fish variety. When I asked the men passengers why they didn't follow the suggestion of the Kaiser and travel on their own American boats, they asked me if I would excuse them for using profane language in the presence of a lady. I answered that I couldn't excuse language which I had not yet heard, and then they informed me that their answer to my query was merely, "The Kaiser be damned!"

I thanked them for expressing my own sentiments quite as forcibly as I could have done myself.

I asked the American women the same question, and they replied that their menfolk had expressed their sentiments, too, and then they added naively: "We like British liners, so why shouldn't we travel on them?"

So it was that my voyage to America cheered me up, for I will say there seemed to be no lack of spinal column among my travelling companions.

At the New York dock one of those hustling,

The elevator man (liftman) welcomed me gleefully at the hotel. "Been lookin' for you these two days," he said. "The manager said you was due Sunday and this is Tuesday, so we been afeard them underground boats might have done for you. What I say is that I hope they'll sink an American boat!"

"What!" I exclaimed in horror. "That'd bring us in the war, you know," he added, just as he let me off somewhere, as it seemed to me, away up in the sky.

The next morning's papers were full of reports of explosions in American munition factories.

Most of the men I met that day were talking about this subject, and not one seemed to have anything whatever of a jelly-fish attitude in the matter. They were all for drastic measures, and when I asked one man how long they intended to let this sort of thing last he replied:

"Until the fourth of March, 1917—and then!" "That date is when the four years' term of President Wilson will have ended. For several days

SCHOOL AND WAR.

WAS OUR "UNPREPAREDNESS" DUE TO DEFECTS IN EDUCATION?

SPECIAL TRAINING.

I REALLY think most of your correspondents on this subject are off the track altogether.

Most people are agreed that our public schools require considerable modification, that the classical side should be left to the few who will make use of it; the modern for the large majority of average boys.

The young officer requires special training in the technique of his profession. Are Woolwich and Sandhurst forgotten? The technical subjects were taught there, and especially well at the former, and it didn't make much difference whether a boy had previously received a classical or a commercial education as long as he sufficiently prepared the special subjects necessary for the entrance examinations.

The failure to have achieved far more success, the exasperating delays we are enduring are entirely due to short-sighted Governments, hopeless incompetency of officialdom, and general unpreparedness.

Then how, indeed, is it that we have previously always managed to go to "muddle" through in spite of all these disadvantages? I say most emphatically it is due to the sheer nerve, plus keen sense of honour and physical fitness of the public school man; especially of those who gave a fair share of their time to sports. T. E. G.

"THE END OF THE WORLD."

I THINK "A. E. Clarke" is mistaken in thinking that religion can stand still whilst all else advances.

Anything that stands still dies out.

It is dogmatic religion which will die out, not the worship of the Creator. PANTHEIST.

A "HUNT" NOT A "MEET."

MAY I point out a mistake all illustrated papers make when publishing hunting pictures! They are always labelled "a meet"

A "meet" only lasts as long as the hounds are assembled at the place of meeting.

As soon as they move off and begin to hunt for the fox or hare or deer, or begin to run after their quarry or kill it, it is called "a hunt."

A HUNTING MAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 10.—Should dry weather prevail this month much useful work may be done in the vegetable garden. All vacant ground should be deeply dug over and enriched, but this must not be undertaken when the soil is in a wet condition.

Broad beans, parsnips, spinach and early peas may be sown soon in southern districts and also in sheltered gardens, but only when the ground works well. Further sowings should, of course, take place next month.

Shallots and artichokes must be set out during February; the latter will do well anywhere if given plenty of room to develop. E. F. T.

after my arrival I met only would-be belligerents. The fighting spirit was obtrusive, but it was explained to me that you have to have something to fight with besides spirit!"

A thing that interested me intensely was the belligerent attitude of the clergymen with whom I talked, most especially those of the Episcopal Church, who asked me what the Church of Christ was known as "the Church Militant."

The whole time I was in the United States I did not meet a solitary clergyman who did not think President Wilson should have protested when the Huns entered Belgium.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us be content with following, without looking any further, all we have been given us from one moment to another. This is our daily bread: God only gives it for the day.—Fenelon.

"HELD UP" AT THE BRITISH INQUIRY POSTS.



It is very cold in some of the Balkan trenches, but the men make the best of a bad job.



The arrest of a suspect near a defended sector.



Papers are carefully scrutinised at the examining posts.



A "Tommy" is making friends with a Greek baby.

Examining posts have been placed on the roads in the Balkans, and Turks, Greeks and Jews have to satisfy the sentries that all is well before they are allowed to pass. The Germans, it is said, have shelved the much-advertised advance on Salonika for the present.

A BOY PILO



Pilot-Sergeant Guynemer, who "bagged" five enemy aeroplanes, was only a schoolboy when the broke out, but has now three medals. (French War Office photograph.)

AN ENGAGEMENT.



Mr. Keith Trenchard Cox (Queen's), and Miss Dora Grant-Mckenzie, who are engaged.—(Swain)

A "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION."



He objects strongly to wearing an armlet, though he is willing and ready to do his share of fighting. He invites any other dog to "come on."

A PICTURESQUE WINTER CEREMONY IN CANADA.



The Snowshoe Club attend church on Sunday morning in their picturesque club dress. The members marched to the church headed by their brass band.

THE FRENCH GETTING ONE OF THEIR BIG GUNS INTO POSITION.

841R.



Before long these big guns, which are drawn by motors, will be bombarding the Boches. Intense artillery duels are reported from the west front. —(French War Office photograph.)

WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT.

P. 185 98.



Miss Margaret Vesci, who claims to be the only woman acting as a war correspondent. She has followed the Austrian armies since the early stages of the campaign, and is here seen behind the lines.

MISS LUCY TAFT.

P. 23 68



The ex-President's daughter, who has just looped the loop at a height of 2,000ft.

SCHOOLBOYS ON WAR WORK.

P. 323



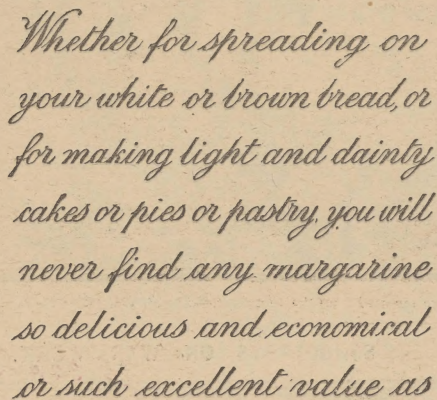
Pupils at a school in the west of Scotland making trench periscopes. They turn them out in large quantities and, though it occupies much of their time, the ordinary lessons are not neglected.

TO FIT THEM FOR THEIR TASK OF BULLYING THE TURK.

P. 11908 R.



German officers learning Turkish in a school at Berlin. When proficient they will help to "boss" their unfortunate ally, whose motto must surely be: "Save me from my friends."



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Be sure you get the $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets with the red, white and blue riband and the Pheasant Seal. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....
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8.30. Mat., Tues., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

APOLLO. **OSCAR ASHES and LIL BRAYTON in**
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. Thurs., Sat., 8.15
Matinee daily, at 2.30. Evenings: Thurs., Sat., 8.15
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To-night, 8.30. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Leani de
Laage.

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Box-office 440.

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Miss MARGA MANNING in **PEG O' MY HEART**.

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 (Friday.) Admission 1s., closes at 6 p.m.
 Champion Dogs on view for the last time.
 Sanitars Disinfects. Spratt's Bench and Feed.

SEA.—Ever thinking, "Dearest " ; patiently waiting ; yours
always.—" August."
QUEEN.—Received, delighted ; why downhearted ? Explain
next time, sweetest.—G. E.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity ;
ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.
SANITAS Anti Vermin Paste is an essential part of a
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ARTIST Wanted. Good, original, and free book, stamp—A. Seymour, 114, New Oxford-st., W.C.
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See this week's special Woman's Number of "Poultry
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LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then—this man who had only been philandering.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdurra, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward cautiously, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realizes that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her errors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. On the journey up country to their home Rupert tells her that he knows her secret. He adds that it will be wise for her not to go against his wishes.

One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. Not a word is said, but Dick becomes very curious in his manner. He tells her that he wishes to discuss some business with both Olive and Dick.

FEAR.

OLIVE, with Rupert's eyes upon her, did not dare to demur. But she longed ardently to be able to escape. It almost seemed to her that Dick was doing this to punish her. She stood up by the table, fingering its scuffed papers nervously, and felt catastrophe imminent.

Dick was lighting a cigarette. He was an inveterate cigarette smoker, and his long, sensitive fingers were stained saffron with nicotine. Olive watched his hands as though she expected to read some indication of the situation there. She had learned that Dick's hands occasionally betrayed him. But they were as steady as a rock as they sheltered the blaze of the match between them.

Rupert yawned.

"Lord, it's too hot here to discuss business. What is it, any way? As a matter of fact, I came to you out you. Olive had been worrying about you so much."

His eyes rested on Olive's face with a delicate malice as he spoke. Outwardly, at least, there

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

was no trace of the emotional scene he had just passed through. His poise had adjusted itself admirably.

"Very unnecessary of you, old girl! I'm about through now," Richard Heathcote said. "But I won't do any more to-night. I want you to post those books for me, Rupert, and Havant's accounts. My head is so rotten to-night, I can't trust my own figures. I want them finished off though."

"To-night?" Rupert asked with a touch of surprised suspicion in his voice. He had followed Olive out to the office, but only in time to hear Dick's last words. He wondered if this were really the matter they referred to.

"To-night—if you feel like it. But the morning will do. I only wanted to make sure of you. Come out of this steamy hole, Olive. You look like some delicate butterfly who had fluttered in by mistake."

Olive thrilled with relief. For a moment she had actually been afraid that Dick was going to make the egregious blunder of mentioning the question of departure to Rupert before her! As though it were in the last likelihood that Dick would be guilty of such tactlessness!

She laughed softly at herself as they went out together, leaving Rupert alone in the untidy office.

If it had been steamy indoors, out here in the compound the darkness seemed like a warm, great wall hemming them in. The ceaseless night noises of Africa that had frayed Olive's nerves so terribly as she sat alone with Rupert seemed intensified out here.

Dick had suggested an stroll before going in, but after one or two turns he stopped abruptly.

"It's not very inviting out of doors," he said to her. "There's a smell of decay in the air. That's Africa, as you'll come to know. Odd, isn't it, how almost everywhere and country has its own distinctive odour? We'll go in, shall we?"

She assented gladly enough. Rupert's name, no longer pleasant concerning him, had not been mentioned between them. In the few common places that Dick had spoken, his voice had sounded perfectly normal. Yet there was a change. She knew that. Though she could not see him in the darkness she was aware that his face was changed—something had died in it—some light from his eyes.

The man whose name had not been spoken seemed to walk like a separating shadow between them.

Then when they came into the bungalow she knew that she had been right. Dick's face looked almost old in the lamplight. His vivid-looking eyes were dull and dead.

"Dick—you're dead tired. You mustn't overwork yourself like this," she exclaimed, and he laughed.

"Love! It would be pretty awful if one had nothing to work at," he said with some bitterness. Then, abruptly, he bent and kissed her good-night and went off to his own room without a word.

Very little sleep came to Olive that night—very little of the counsel that night so often brings. She lay very still behind the mosquito bar and her thoughts climbed a treadmill of despair.

The resentment that had burst into being tonight against Rupert in the heat burned in her now like a flame in the wind.

Why had this man been sent into her life to destroy it? First in England... she thought of all the bitterness of the suffering he had cost her, and found it nothing—weighed in the balance against the havoc he was wreaking here.

Her hands twisted and untwisted nervously in the clammy darkness. All her prayers—and she had prayed with such desperate earnestness—all her strivings to beat down her own feelings, to do what was best for this man who loved her and had made her his wife—all seemed to be cast back in her face.

The memory of her husband's tired, lifeless eyes haunted her.

If this man had cost her Dick's love... Dick's trust...

It came to Olive with a strange illumination as she lay there wide-eyed in the darkness how much, how very much Richard Heathcote's love had already come to mean to her.

RUPERT STRIKES BACK.

WHATEVER Rupert Heathcote's faults might be, he was not a slacker. He put in some hours of solid work on accounts and the books before he turned in for the night. When Dick looked into the office early the following morning he found him already hard at it.

Rupert greeted him with a smile. In the clear morning light he looked very young and very good to look upon. Tan became him; it redeemed his dark face from any suggestion of sallowness. His eyes were very clear and luminous. He looked, what he had not looked for some days past, extremely happy.

And because of that look and the undeniable attractiveness of this boy, to whom he was so much attached, Richard Heathcote's heart smote him at the thought of what he had to say.

"My goodness—this is industry with a vengeance!" He sat down on the edge of the table beside his cousin and began to ill one of the eternal cigarettes. The morning light was less kind to him than it was to the younger man. He had a grey look about the face and his eyes were sunken and heavy.

It is I've broken the back of the job. Your figures are all right though—what were you getting at last night? How's the head? You look a bit queer—fever?"

"Oh, dear," Dick disclaimed hastily. "I'm as fit as a fiddle. But the heat plays the dickens with one's sleep. And it's not to be denied that Africa gets on the nerves at times."

He flung away his cigarette half-smoked and leaned forward.

"I say, boy—I've been thinking. Isn't it about time that you went home for your bit?"

Rupert glanced up at him sharply. Dick was not looking at him. He sat caressing his ankle with that shapely hand of his. And as he looked at him, Rupert realised what he had never acknowledged to himself before—that he hated his cousin—hated Olive's husband, that he was to say.

"Why this sudden solicitude?" he asked dryly.

"It is not altogether sudden," Heathcote answered carelessly. "I was in my mind long since—I half thought of postponing my marriage and sending you back so that you might have brought Olive out—only the plan did not shape at the time."

Little thrills ran over Rupert's nerves. If it had—it had! There would have been none of this ghastly tangle. He would have seen Olive and realised that they loved each other—the thought added fuel to his hatred for the man.

"And now the occasion appears to be more propitious," Rupert said.

"Exactly. How long would you like?" There was just a moment's pause before Rupert spoke. He sat balancing his pen between his fingers, staring out at the sun-drenched clay of the compound.

"Odd, you made no mention of this idea yesterday," he said thoughtfully at last. "We went so very fully into the plans for the next few months, too."

In spite of himself Richard Heathcote was irritated, as he was always prone to be irritated by opposition. He had not expected it. He had believed that Rupert would jump at the idea of going back to England.

"It didn't occur to me yesterday," he said shortly. "A number of things that were very foremost in my mind this morning seemed absolutely impossible yesterday—and, I may as well be frank with you, Rupert. If you don't take

this chance—well, the going may not be voluntary."

"What do you mean?" Rupert sprang to his feet and faced him, leaning over the table. "What has Olive been saying to you—poisoning your mind against me? She has asked you to send me away, eh?"

His face was flushed now under the tan. A little nerve throbbled in his cheek. Dick had never noticed it before; he reflected with the curious detachment that comes sometimes in tense moments.

"Well, since you ask me—Olive does not care for our marriage à trois," he said. "I'm sorry old chap. It's my fault for placing you in such an awkward position. I ought to have understood that a newly-married woman—"

"Oh, you fool!" The words spluttered out. The venom of his hatred for this man who had stolen Olive from him was not to be kept back another moment. A desire to strike out and wound came over him like a madness. Not Dick only, but this woman who had tried to get rid of him in this way—both of them were hateful to him now in this moment of his outraged vanity.

Richard Heathcote had brought down his feet to the floor, but he still leaned against the table. He looked at the man before him as though he could not believe his ears.

Rupert broke into a laugh that was not good hearing.

"Don't stare at me like that," he cried, "You are a fool! A blind fool!" He used other distinguishing adjectives.

"Explain yourself," Dick said sternly. "Don't use that language in my presence. If it wasn't for the hour I should think you had been drinking again."

"Again?" was like the flick of a whip on a rare sore. Rupert's face darkened furiously.

"Oh, it is very easy to explain," he said. "Your wife has asked that I might be sent away you imagine in your fatuous way because she desires more of your individual society. Let me tell you the truth. She has asked me to be sent away because she cannot trust herself here with me any longer. Because she loves me. Because"

(Continued on page 14.)



Catarrh of the Digestive Organs.

Angier's Emulsion exercises soothing, lubricating, antifermentative effects throughout the entire digestive tract. That is why it is so valuable in affections of the stomach and intestines. It soothes and cleanses the mucous membrane, allays irritation, fermentation, catarrh, ulceration. It restores tone to all the digestive functions and it promotes normal healthy action of the bowels. Prescribed by the medical profession for twenty-four years, it has proved its value in many obscure digestive and bowel disorders.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession.

A Doctor writes:—"I advocate strongly the use of Angier's Emulsion in all cases of flatulent dyspepsia, intestinal indigestion, and in that terrible complaint—nucos colitis."

I have seen, both by myself and as a consultant, several very successful cases of this description, in which Angier's Emulsion was the remedy. (Signed) ———, M.D., M.B., etc.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

Send name and address, 4d. postage, and mention "Daily Mirror," ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk is the latest response by science to the public need for an ever-ready, effective, healing balm and skin-cure. Zam-Buk is prepared from rare herbal juices by unique processes which strengthen their natural medicinal power.

Absorbed by the skin, it reaches the seat of disease, and never fails to cure the most obstinate cases of eczema, bad leg, piles, ringworm, scalp disease, ulcers, baby's chafed skin, running sores, and poisoned wounds. For cuts, bruises, burns, scalds or sprains Zam-Buk is the ideal first-aid dressing.

Of all Chemists.

ALWAYS KEEP A BOX HANDY.



Mr. Arthur Henderson.

Who Will He Be?

Although these are very early days to speculate on post-war matters, the name of Mr. Arthur Henderson naturally associates itself with the post of Minister of Labour. I saw him a couple of days ago strolling away from Downing-street with the Lord Chancellor. Since his position was definitely ratified by the Labour Conference he has hardly been away from Downing-street, and I'm told that his energy and level-headed soundness have won high opinions from his Ministerial colleagues.

Speculation.

But as for a Minister of Labour, what will Mr. Lloyd George do when the Munitions Ministry is no longer necessary? Still, it is of course possible—I only say possible—that even more exalted posts may be vacant then. I mean, of course, a post that will require a big man to fill it. Mr. Lloyd George is certainly a big little man.

Irish Recruiting.

I met in Fleet-street yesterday Mr. William O'Malley, M.P., who has returned to town after a fortnight's recruiting work in Galway. He addressed a dozen or more meetings and, he told me, gathered recruits at all but one of them. Lieutenant O'Leary, V.C., attended three of Mr. O'Malley's meetings. Lieutenant O'Leary, he tells me, is still the ideal.

Dr. Page.

I hear that Dr. Page (who was formerly of Charterhouse and enjoyed an enormous reputation as a classical scholar) was telling how he had heard a Zepp as he was going to bed. "And what did you do?" he was asked. "I just went to bed," was the unemotional reply.

And His Portrait.

Dr. Page has a fancy for tweed trousers, which he generally favours. Mr. John Collier, the R.A., painted his portrait and asked the doctor what he considered his outstanding feature. "There's my trousers," said Dr. Page.

An Old Friend.

I remember General Baden-Powell—who is an old Carthusian—gave a small cannon from the South African war to Charterhouse as a memento. The other day a South African billeted near the school happened to see it and recognised it as the very gun he had worked in the Boer war!

Smoking at the Lano.

Wonders never cease! Drury Lane, the national theatre, has obtained the Lord Chamberlain's permission for smoking during the evening performances. "We shall light up our cigars on Monday next, and Edmund Kean will probably turn in his grave."

The Big Box.

I saw the Marquis of Queensberry in earnest conversation with Sergeant Dick Burge at Romano's the other day. They were discussing the great championship boxing matches between Wells and Smith (for the heavy-weight championship) and O'Keefe and Sullivan (for the middle-weight championship), which will be decided at the Golden Green Hippodrome on the night of February 21.

The Championships.

The Marquis of Queensberry was at first astonished that such a remarkable boxing programme could be staged in war time. Then Sergeant Burge reminded him that all the boxers were soldiers. "That's splendid," said the Marquis. "and after this is over we shall at last be able to know who are really the English champions."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Caught Again.

And so Lieutenant Otto Thelen, of the German Air Service, has been recaptured again. He first got away from Donington Hall and was caught after a reward of £300 had been offered, and the other day he attempted to escape from Maidenhead. I remember him well, because he was the first airman to be made a prisoner in the war, and I saw him being brought into Harwich. He was found floating on his wrecked aeroplane in the North Sea.

Fair and "Faultless."

He was not a bit like a Hun in appearance, and he had the manner of the perfect undergraduate. He spoke the most faultless English to an officer who was looking after him, and when an English girl ran forward and said something in German, evidently rather rude, he laughed outright. The whole time he was standing on Parkstone Quay he was smoking innumerable cigarettes.

Mopping.

As an onlooker at the busy workers in the new free refreshment canteen for soldiers at Waterloo Station, which was opened recently by the Duchess of Teck, I was keenly interested in the amiable squabbling of two ladies over the "privilege" of mopping the floor. Laughing, but keenly protesting, the two struggled for a moment with the mop, and finally the taller lady proved victorious. I discovered that the two were none other than the beautiful Miss Muriel Wilson and Lady Mary Hamilton. Lady Holford was busily washing up in the background. What changes the war has to answer for.

Art in Wartime.

Mrs. Humphrey emerged from behind a rampart of cans of vegetables and meats and bags of dried fruits and various oddments when I went in to see her yesterday afternoon at 122, Victoria-street. In normal times the big, light, airy apartment is a studio, for under the name of Florence Pash Humphrey the clever work of this talented woman is frequently to be seen at the Royal Academy and other London galleries. But since the earliest days of the war art has taken a "back seat" in her scheme of life, and, aided only by some of her personal friends, she has sent out over 4,000 parcels to prisoners of war at Giessen, Ruhleben and other great camps.

"Big."

"My nephew, who was taken prisoner nearly a year ago, really began this little private undertaking of mine," Mrs. Humphrey told me. "I sent him parcels as soon as I got news from him, and in his letter he spoke of the needs of men who were with him, and so the snowball grew until now, as you see, it has almost grown too big for my big room."

Ferdinand's Funk.

One of the many neutrals from Eastern Europe now in London tells me that a feature of the Allied air raid upon Sofia was the funk displayed by Ferdinand. This subject monopolised the gossips at the Red Crab Café on the next day, to the exclusion even of the topic of damage sustained.

First King to Fly.

Ferdinand's fear of death from above is the more interesting because he was the first king to fly. He "went up" with Delamnes in Brussels in 1910, and carried himself with shaky jocularly. "I'm too fat to fly," said he, "but let us fly nevertheless."

A True Prophet.

I hear that when Mr. Balfour went over to Pau to see Mr. Wilbur Wright give his exhibitions of flying that the pioneer airman then—and it is some eight years or so ago—insisted that the aeroplane was a war machine first and last. True—too true.

His Capacity.

Little Bobby had eaten to repletion at his first tea-party. His aunt urged the cakes on him. "No," said Bobby sadly, "I can chew yet, but I can't swallow."

Tea at the Bath.

I had tea at the Bath Club yesterday, and saw the author of "Please Help Emily," Lieutenant Harold Harwood, there in khaki. He is looking very fit and working very hard. His play, of course, was written before the war, and, although it is such a success, he will not allow himself to be lionised. He is that rare thing, a modest artist.

Didn't Know Him.

At least one man in England had not heard of Charlie Chaplin—and he isn't a Judge, either. He is the baggage man at a provincial music-hall, where they sometimes put on a film. He had seen the name in big letters on the bill, and he told the manager that he had had all the props, except those of "this 'ere Charlie Chaplin."

Badly Wanted.

"Theatre taxes?" grumbled the playgoer. "I hope the Government will give us them. I tried in vain to get one last night."

Flat Racing Sanctioned.

The news that the Government had given permission for flat racing to be resumed on the conditions which have applied to steeplechasing caused great joy in sporting circles yesterday. In addition to the usual meetings at Newmarket, there will be three extra gatherings, and the courses at Newbury, Gatwick, Windsor and Lingfield will also be available.

A "Mixed" Start.

Gatwick will open the season on March 24, the date arranged for the Grand National "substitute," so the meeting will be an excellent counterpart of the Liverpool fixture, with its mixed programme of flat racing and steeplechasing.

From the Cinemas.

"At least two good ideas have been borrowed from the cinema," a West End proprietor remarked to me. "The white kerbs in the dark streets have been suggested by the white edges of our steps, and the hand torch also comes from us."



The Countess of Annesley.

A Champion.

Wolfram, the superb elkhound owned by Mrs. B. F. Hopper, of London, which has taken the first prize in the foreign dog (any variety) section at Cruft's Show, improved upon his championship of the elkhound class at the International Show last year. He is the sire of a recent litter owned by the Countess of Annesley. These puppies—born in December—are, I am told by an expert, probably the finest elkhounds ever bred in this country.

Married.

His Majesty's Vice-Consul at Chingmai, Northern Siam, Mr. Reginald Stuart le May, was married to Miss Dorothy Madeleine Castle, younger daughter of the late Mr. S. C. Castle and Mrs. Castle, at All Saints' Church, Sydenham, yesterday, and as the ceremony was a very quiet one owing to recent bereavement the bride was married in her travelling dress of white cloth.

Right!

Do write and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman.

Daylight Saving.

I have good authority for stating that a determined effort is likely to be made very soon to bring in a Daylight Saving Bill. With the compulsory darkening of the greater part of England next week it will be all the more advisable to start and finish work during daylight hours.

THE RAMBLER.

Eczema and Pimples for ever ended



Why is Antexema so extraordinarily popular as a skin remedy? Because it not only cures the worst cases, but absolutely clears the skin of every trace of eczema, rash, pimple or disfigurement. That's why Antexema has steadily grown in popularity for thirty years. Then, again, this famous British remedy acts with such rapidity that sufferers are amazed at the quickness of their cure. The first touch ends all itching, burning pain, and in a surprisingly short time the skin trouble absolutely disappears, never again to return.

We often find skin sufferers who have been so badly disappointed by the failure of doctors, hospitals, and so-called remedies to do them any good, that they cannot believe in the existence of a cure for their trouble. It is to meet such cases as these that we offer a Free Trial bottle of Antexema. By accepting our offer, however great your scepticism, you can start your cure at our expense. One application of Antexema will be sufficient to convince you that Antexema is the most marvellous skin remedy known to science.

Begin your cure at once

Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but is prepared from a physician's prescription, and its therapeutic value is indisputable. Eczema, rashes, face spots, blotches, blackheads, bad legs, lip and chin troubles, chilblains, bad hands and all other irritated, sore, broken or pimply skin conditions quickly yield to this world-renowned remedy.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, including Government stamp; or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

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To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

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"Daily Mirror," 11 2/6.

HOW TO DESTROY THE DANDRUFF GERM.

BY A SPECIALIST.

That the dandruff germ is responsible for nearly all the disease to which the scalp is heir, as well as for baldness and premature grey hair, is a well-known fact, but when we realise that it is also indirectly responsible for many of the worst cases of catarrh and consumption we appreciate the importance of any agent that will destroy its power. We are, therefore, particularly pleased to give herewith the prescription which an eminent scientist and specialist states he has found, after repeated tests, to completely 'destroy the dandruff germ in from one to three applications. This prescription can be made up at home, or any chemist will put it up for you: 3 ounces Bay Rum, 1 ounce Lavona de Composé, 1 dram Menthol Crystals, Mix thoroughly, and after standing half-an-hour it is ready for use. Apply night and morning, rubbing into the scalp with finger-tips. So wonderfully effective has the above prescription proved that all branches of H. C. Chemists, Taylor, Drug Co., Timothy White, Lewis and Burrows, and most other high-class chemists now supply it prepared ready for use under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic. It is usually put up in 300 and 600 bottles, which are given away, and is so good that every chemist who sells it gives the purchaser a signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

AUTION.—Do not allow this hair grower to remain long upon parts where hair is not desired.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA SHAMPOO POWDERS, which contain 25 per cent. of Lavona de Composé, the perfume of hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1/- every-where.—(Adv't.)

WHEN FOOD DISAGREES.

When vegetable food ferments it causes sour rising in the throat, and the formation of gas in the stomach causes pain often extending to the region of the heart and arousing a fear of heart disease. This condition is called acid dyspepsia.

Heartburn, a name applied to a feeling of heat and pain in the chest and stomach, with palpitation, results from acid dyspepsia.

It is a condition that can be corrected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to tone up the digestive organs and by a proper selection of food. Send to-day to the Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for the useful diet book "How to Eat and What to Eat." This book contains information about the diet in health and sickness and is free to readers on request. It gives complete information regarding the tonic treatment of many forms of stomach trouble with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There cannot be a perfect digestion without a sufficient supply of red blood and there is nothing better than the use of pills to enrich the blood and tone up the stomach.

You should get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from your dealer without delay, and mind you ask for Dr. Williams', for some sell substitutes that will not help you.—(Adv't.)

TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.

Doctors Say Sargol Increases Over 200 per cent.

Few people realise when they have become weak, irritable, and lack nerve force, that they are suffering simply because their digestive organs have failed to extract as much strength from their food as they have expended in their daily toil.

If you have lost strength, tire easily, lack confidence in your ability to do things and have become discouraged, no matter what the cause may be from, you can get back your old-time strength and energy by simply taking a little Sargol tablet with every meal.

Sargol contains six scientifically combined ingredients that will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat. It is absolutely harmless and never fails to benefit. It is not at all unusual to have the strength and nerve force increased 200 per cent. by its use.

The evil effects from over-eating, smoking, drinking, late hours or over-indulgence of any kind are promptly overcome by Sargol.

A little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than twelve meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are "blue" and feel weak or irritable, and your nerves are off, and you want to increase your strength, go to Boots, or any other first-class Chemist, and get a box of Sargol tablets. Take one over a week, and will do you more good and give you more strength than a month at the seaside.—(Adv't.)

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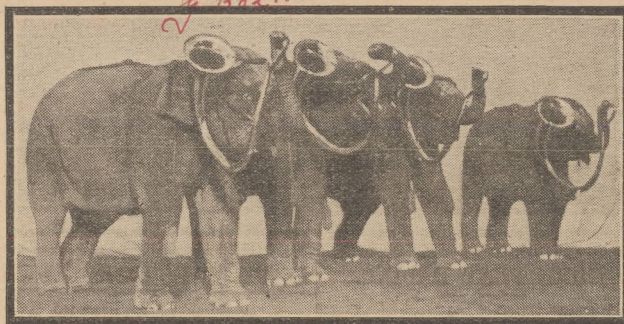
of this great Paris Creation, which has revolutionised modern corsetry. Inexpensive and elegant, it will have particular of the finest British-made materials.

Lé Genie Corset
Pronounced "Jai-ye-Nay"

Special War Price, 16/6 (To Measure, 21/-).

The consummation of science and hygiene. Every lady who values her appearance should have particulars of this beautiful corset. Outfits from 5 to 6 of cheaper makes.

THE GENIE CORSET CO., 70, Fulham Rd., London, S.W.



Rossi's elephants, which are coming to the Coliseum next week. All four are musicians!

WROTE TO THE KING.

Prison for Man Wanted Under Defence of Realm Act.

"TOLD SOLDIERS TO DESERT."

That he had sent a registered letter to the King containing statements derogatory of the Army was stated at London Sessions yesterday, when Alfred Jameson, a soldier, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for obtaining £5 credit by false pretences.

Mr. Van Breda, prosecuting, said that Jameson obtained five weeks' board and lodging without payment by representing that he was the servant of "Major Leveson-Gower."

Detective-sergeant Trott proved five previous convictions, and said that prisoner had been cook in a camp, but left after committing several offences against the Defence of the Realm regulations.

He deserted from the Royal Artillery, and he had written several letters, one of which, received by one who wished to remain anonymous, read as follows:—

"Your Grace,—Pardon me for any liberty I am venturing to take in venturing to write to your Grace. Having heard of your Grace's most generous heart towards wounded soldiers, I thought I might count on your Grace's sympathy."

The letter went on to say that the prisoner had taken part in all the big engagements in France, and had been sent home wounded. He was robbed of his wallet and was left penniless. "I am a lonely soldier," the letter continued, "and I am heart-broken. I thought I was going to have a happy Christmas, but it will be an unhappy one."

The detective mentioned that Jameson had obtained £5 from a member of the Rothschild family. Several communications had been received from districts where he had offended against the Defence of the Realm Regulations. A warrant was out for his arrest.

It was alleged that he claimed the acquaintance of soldiers and endeavoured to get them to desert.

Some he succeeded in getting to stay with him and kept them from going back into the Army, saying that they were fools to return and serve with the British Army.

Prisoner declared that he had never advised any soldier to desert. He admitted that he had never been to the front. "I am willing to atone for my bad past by laying down my life for my country," he said. "There are other regiments, and I would rather die in the trenches than go to prison for a long time."

A Royal Artillery officer declared that prisoner was of no use to the Army.

SHOPGIRLS' SCHOOL.

Training for Women Who Are Taking Places of Men Behind the Counter.

A training school for women shop assistants is the latest device for providing efficient substitutes for the many men who have joined the colours.

A novel method of solving a problem which is facing the heads of most of our big business houses has been invented by Mr. John Lawrie, the general manager of Messrs. Whiteley.

Special consideration will be given to those young women who feel for the first time that they must go into business in order to help themselves and others dependent on them, and by means of the course it is hoped they will be fully trained in a month.

The class instruction is given in the mornings and departmental work in the afternoon. The young women will be paid a preliminary wage while they are learning, and will receive full wages at the end of the four weeks' course.

As the first class begins on Monday, February 21, applications should be made at once to Whiteley's Staff Training Department, Whiteley's, Queen's-road, W. There are many appointments to be filled.

AN INTERESTING SCOTCH PROVERB.—"Bread is the staff of life; he pudding makes a good cracker." This is it made with ATORA Beef Suet. More digestible and economical than if you use raw meat. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10d. and 1 lb. cartons 5d. Ask your grocer for it; refuse substitutes.—(Adv't.)

HIS 800-LOVE-LETTERS.

£1,250 Damages Awarded Girl in Breach of Promise Action Against Officer.

A sheriff's jury at Preston yesterday awarded £1,250 damages to Miss Nina Dorothy Masters, of Goodwill Villa, Kensington-road, Blackpool, who brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. Richard Ramsbottom, solicitor, 86, Whalley-road, Accrington, now a second lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Mr. Hodgson, for the plaintiff, said the parties met at Bispham in March, 1910, when Miss Masters was eighteen and defendant twenty-four. They soon fell in love, and in November, 1912, were engaged.

It was agreed that the wedding should take place on August 2, 1913, but it was put off at the suggestion of the defendant.

During their five years' acquaintance defendant wrote some 800 letters.

Counsel said defendant was a young man of pleasant disposition, and his sense of humour was indicated by the following letter:—

"Dear Madam,—I have to-day been consulted by Mr. Richard Ramsbottom with regard to a heart stolen by you from him, and have to inform you that unless the same be returned, together with 6s. 6d.—my costs—legal proceedings will at once be commenced against you for the recovery thereof.—Yours truly, R. Ramsbottom." Towards the close of last year defendant wrote to plaintiff stating that he would never be able to keep her or to make her happy, because he had not the wherewithal to do it.

NEWS ITEMS.

Airship Over London.

A British airship passed over London at 9.30 a.m. yesterday.

Financier Arrives in England.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan arrived at Falmouth yesterday on the Rotterdam and left by special train for London.

Gold Taken from the Appam.

Lieutenant Berg, says a Reuter message from New York, states that the Moewe removed £40,000 in gold bars from the Appam.

Eurgomaster Max To Be Released.

According to the Hamburg Nachrichten, Eurgomaster Max, of Brussels, will shortly be released, having been given permission to reside in Switzerland.

Dead Hero Who Was Five Times Rejected.

News has been received in Eastbourne of the death in France of Private W. H. E. Gallard, aged nineteen, who was rejected on account of height no fewer than five times.

1,630 Postal Men Killed.

No fewer than 1,630 postal men have lost their lives on active service, and over 1,940 widows and dependents and 1,330 orphans are receiving assistance from the Post Office Relief Fund.

SUPPLIED COCAINE TO SOLDIERS.

That cocaine was known to the soldiers as "snow" was stated yesterday at Folkestone, when Horace Kingsley and Rose Edwards were each sentenced to six months' hard labour for supplying the drug to soldiers.

Captain McMurtry, of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, said the drug produced very brilliant ideas, supernatural ideas, nothing seeming impossible. Afterwards the man would be morose and bad tempered. They had forty drug cases at one of the camp hospitals.

WHY FOUR COMPLEXIONS?

Complexions, broadly speaking, may be classified under four headings—perfect, good, indifferent, and bad. But why four? It is, perhaps, impossible for every woman to possess a perfect complexion, but there is no earthly reason why any woman should be burdened with an indifferent or bad one. All that is needed is an eighteen-penny jar of Pomeroy Skin Food. It is stocked by all good-class chemists, and is simple and convenient to use. It has to be gently massaged into the face with the tips of the fingers, he pudding makes a good cracker. This is it made with ATORA Beef Suet. More digestible and economical than if you use raw meat. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10d. and 1 lb. cartons 5d. Ask your grocer for it; refuse substitutes.—(Adv't.)



When Everything Goes Wrong.

SYMPTOMS of kidney weakness, such as unnatural drowsiness, blurred eyesight, backache, urinary trouble, lumbago, gravel, stone, rheumatism, and dropsy are enough to make anyone feel that everything had gone wrong.

The sooner such a state of things is changed the better, because incurable kidney diseases may come with neglect. You may have been eating too much meat and other heavy foods, worrying a lot, and not getting enough exercise, fresh air, and sleep. If so, be more regular in your habits, and careful with your diet for a time.

This is sound, helpful advice, but it is not enough, for the kidneys once weakened from whatever cause cannot get well of themselves. They require a special kidney medicine.

The one and only claim ever advanced for the genuine Doan's Backache Kidney Pills is that they are a special medicine for the kidneys and bladder. They are successful in relieving kidney troubles, but they have no action whatever on the bowels.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are obtainable at all dealers, or at 2s. 9d. a box direct from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.—It is not enough to simply ask for kidney pills or backache pills. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, and Be Sure You Get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
For Kidney & Bladder Ailments only.

BRANDY TO CURE CATARRH.

Recent experiments have proved conclusively that catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the disease, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective, tonic that would dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The result is given in the following formula, which has been found to produce the most surprising results in an incredibly short time.

From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parment (Double Strength), about 2s. 9d. worth. Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal discharges, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv't.)

"PADDY" KNIFE CLEANER



With Powder Tray.

ALL BRITISH.

The Paddy Cleaner Co. (Dept. M), 56, Forest Hill Road, LONDON, S.E.

Guaranteed to Clean and Polish 6 to 8 knives a minute.

Does not wear the blades.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME

Obtainable through all Iron-

mongers and Stores, or sent

direct on 7 days' approval

receipt of the price, 1/9 and

1/6 postage.



Dri-ped cuts down the kiddies' boot Bill—and the doctor's Bill too.

Ordinary leather lasts only half as long as a Dri-ped sole of the same thickness.

All genuine Dri-ped bears the Diamond Trade Mark as illustrated, every few inches on each sole. Without it the leather's a substitute.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.

Outlasts two or three ordinary leather soles: is absolutely waterproof, light and flexible. From repairs and new-boot-dealers every where.

Write now for interesting Booklet, "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear," sent free together with addresses of Dri-ped dealers in your district.

Wm. Walker & Sons, Ltd., Dri-ped Advt. Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester. Uv3



After washing the hands

care should be taken to dry them thoroughly, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping." A little

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the Skin Soft and White and free from all Roughness and Redness. Cultivate the La-rola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your Hands. La-rola, the natural skin emollient, is sold in bottles at 1/6, by all high-class Chemists and Stores.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM



A stranded seaplane, which has been fast alongside a British monitor.

MORE FLAT RACING.

"All-Road" Meetings for Gatwick, Lingfield, Windsor and Newbury.

Yesterday's Racing Calendar contained the welcome announcement that the Government had no objection to flat racing being carried on under conditions similar to those applied to steeplechasing, and, in addition to Newmarket, there will be meetings at Gatwick, Lingfield, Windsor and Newbury during the summer.

The fixtures arranged apart from Newmarket are as follows:—March 24 and 25, Gatwick; April 7 and 8, Lingfield; April 28 and 29, Newbury; May 12 and 13, Windsor; May 26 and 27, Gatwick; June 9 and 10, Windsor; June 16 and 17, Lingfield; June 30 and July 1, Newbury; July 14 and 15, Gatwick; July 28 and 29, Windsor; August 4 and 5, Lingfield; and August 11 and 12, Newbury. There will also be three extra meetings at Newmarket.

Hawthorn Hill, famous in normal times for its military meetings, promises some capital sport today, when the now popular double handicaps are a feature of the programme. Selections are as follows:

12.45.—LES ORMES. 2.30.—TIP AND BUN. 1.30.—SCREAMER. 3.0.—BRUCE. 2.0.—GREEN LEG IV. 2.0.—GREEN LEG IV.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

SCREAMER AND BRUCE. BOUVIERE.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

12.45.—MAIDENHEAD S. CHASE, 50 sots; 2m.			
Milwa	12 0	Blair Hampton	12 0
Nerwy	12 0	Alfleur de Lys	12 0
Les Ormes	12 0	Deside	12 0
Le Vao	12 0	Loch Leven	12 0
Greek General	12 0	Aboderick Dhu	12 0
Nemo	12 0	Joanie	12 0
Comfort	12 0	Avenuto	12 0
King's Own	12 0	Auliyas	12 0
Fortune Bay	12 0	Classic	12 0
Sentry	12 0		
1.30.—REDSTONE HURDLE RACE, 60 sots; 2m.			
Charlton	12 0	Kierla	12 0
Amb assdor	12 0	Canite	12 0
Screamer	12 0	The O'Neill	12 0
Killane	12 0	Fiala	12 0
Dan Russell	12 0	Welsh Bride	12 0
St. pteon	12 0	White Surrey	12 0
Deian	12 0	Sealy	12 0
Slave Cart	12 0	Papingo	12 0
2.30.—WINDSOR DOUBLE H'CAP CHASE, 60 sots (Class 1); 2m.			
Canleton	12 0	Roy Barker	12 0
Drinaugh	12 0	Master-at-Arms	12 0
Grey Leg IV	12 0	Early Berry	12 0
Cottage Maiden	12 0	Speedy Fox	12 0
2.30.—FOREST S. HURDLE, 50 sots; 2m.			
Duke of Tipperary	12 0	Single Stick	12 0
Wild Aster	12 0	Edington	12 0
Tip and Run	12 0	Birthday Clothes	12 0
Ranelagh	12 0	Fiala	12 0
Idwaid	12 0	Wappan	12 0
Pankatian	12 0	Calne	12 0
Viar	12 0	Acros Bag	12 0
Black Pirate	12 0	Tanbar	12 0
Goilam	12 0	Dunkipper	12 0
The Policeman	12 0	Winchester	12 0
Candytuft	12 0	Strathmash	12 0
Flatwate	12 0	Court Bledyn	12 0
Light Arms	12 0		

LOVE ME FOR EVER.

(Continued from page 11.)

—his voice rose shrilly above Dick's furious command for silence—"she came out here to marry me—thinking I had written—never giving you a thought then, as she had never given you a thought in England!"

"That is a lie."

"Oh, you may call it one if you like—but it will not alter the truth of what I say," Rupert said. He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out Olive's letter. "There is the letter she wrote to me—refusing to come out—because she believed she had some duty to that selfish father of hers. Then, when she heard of his marriage, she cabled: 'Letter a mistake.' You got the cable. I got the letter."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

NURSES' STRAW BEDS.

After more than two months' internment as common military prisoners of war at Kevavara, in Hungary, Dr. Alice Hutchinson and thirty members of the Second Scottish Women's Hospital Unit have arrived at Zurich from Vienna on their way to London.

They were given only straw to sleep upon and no beds or bedding. The daily fare consisted of black coffee without milk in the morning and evening and half a loaf of black bread at noon, with watery soup in a bucket.

SELLING OF ARMENIAN GIRLS.

Berna, Feb. 10.—Geneva newspapers state that massacres of the few remaining Armenians by their Turkish masters have recommenced.

The men and the boys are being shot, and the younger women and girls conveyed to Constantinople, where in the open market high prices are being offered for some of them.

3.0.—BRACKNELL DOUBLE H'CAP CHASE, 100 sots (Class 2); 3m.

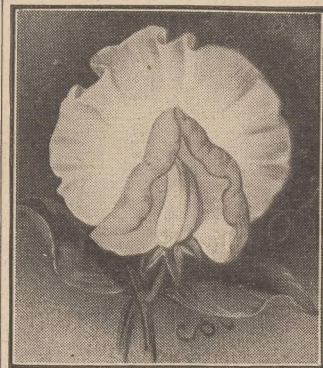
Denis Auburn	12 0	Grithorpe	12 0
Cortigan's Pride	12 0	Chang	12 0
Bruce	12 0	Dodsons	12 0
Nerwy	12 0	Brackendene	12 0
Sir Abercorn	12 0	Albany Reef	12 0
Alchyn Pin	12 0	Stag's Head	12 0
Hesperus Magnus	12 0		
3.30.—BINFIELD DOUBLE H'CAP HURDLE, 60 sots (Class 2); 2m.			
Bunch of Keys	12 0	Nightcap	12 0
Canute	12 0	Regal	12 0
Graying IV	12 0	Sunspot	12 0
Ranelagh	12 0	Ricochet	12 0
L. Leon Park	12 0	Langley	12 0
Gentilhomme	12 0	Picton Lad	12 0

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament were:—Newman, 5,500; Reece, 3,323.

Jack Goldswain knocked out Bill Bristowe in the eighth round at the Ring yesterday afternoon, and Sid Davis retired in the fifth round against Sid Whitley.

Rowntree's New Art Shade Sweet Peas

As Supplied to His Majesty the King.



For more than 20 years we have specialised in Sweet Peas, striving continuously to improve the flower in every particular. Our New Race, as above illustrated, bears enormous flowers, generally four, and often five or six blooms on long stems.

We have been most careful to select only the finest colorings, and, unlike other raisers, we have specially selected those varieties with the richest perfume. The Following are our newest and best varieties:—

Admiral Jellicoe (Rich Purple)	7 Seeds	3d.
Victory (Mauve suffused Pink)	7 "	3d.
Sir John French (Rich Lilac Rose)	7 "	3d.
Tsar of Russia (Pink suffused Mauve)	7 "	3d.
Lord Kitchener (Salmon Cerise)	7 "	3d.
General Joffre (Salmon and Cream)	7 "	3d.
King of Italy (Lilac Overlaid Rose)	7 "	3d.
King George V (Bright Crimson)	12 "	3d.
Emperor of India (Bronzy Maroon)	7 "	3d.
Muriel (Pale Yellow)	7 "	3d.
Pride of St. Albans (Dusky Rose Pink)	12 "	3d.
The Queen's Favourite (Palest Pink)	7 "	3d.

Sold separately, or the complete collection for postage, carriage paid. Smaller orders must include stamps for postage.

Every lover of this glorious flower should write for our Catalogue, with beautiful coloured plate of new Art shade Sweet Peas, which is sent gratis and post free. Our Selected Pedigree Vegetable Seeds are the best and cheapest in the trade.

ROWNTREE BROS.

(Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society).

THE ROYAL SEED WAREHOUSE, ST. ALBANS.

Your Soldier or Sailor Friend

is roughing it in many ways. Make his lot easier in one way by sending him a



WALTON AIR PILLOW

When deflated, folds flat for the pocket. Inflated it is 40 stone weight. Absolutely waterproof. A boon to all soldiers and sailors. Size 14in.x10in. (Cushmore Covers bd. extra.)

16s. WALTON & CO., Ltd., 167, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

Postage bd.



Eat less meat, more vegetables for economy.

Make vegetables appetising and increase their nutriment by serving them with one or other of the delicious sauces made with Brown & Polson Corn Flour.

Recipes can be had post free for 1d. from Brown & Polson, Paisley. Ask for the "C" book of simple Fish and Vegetable Sauces.

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

makes also puddings that are nourishing and delicious; and nutritious savouries that will take the place of meat and cost less.

Sold in 1 lb., 4 lb., & 10 lb. pkts. The 1 lb. packet is the most ECONOMICAL.

Early Closing Day.

STUDY of a gentleman in a rage—just too late to buy his tin of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Furniture, Floors and Linoleum as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both polishes are sold by all Dealers in Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d.

Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.

PLAYER'S Country Club Cigarettes

(Medium Strength)

Pure Virginia Tobacco.



Players
at the
Front.

For wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices.

TERMS ON APPLICATION TO
**JOHN PLAYER AND SONS,
NOTTINGHAM.**

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

10 for 3 ¹/₂ Id.
50 for 15

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR

The Paper the Lads
at the Front look for.



It contains the six issues of "The Daily Mirror" bound in a Pictorial Cover.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS EVERY THURSDAY

Price 3d.

Subscription Rate—13 weeks, post paid, 7/6

The MANAGER,
Overseas Weekly Mirror,
23-29, Bouverie Street, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
BACON in Sides or Half Sides; splendid meat; Sides of about 46 to 50 lbs., unsmoked 10d., smoked 11d. per lb.; Boneless Strips, about 12 lbs., unsmoked 11d., smoked 1s. per lb.; Ham, 7 to 15 lbs., smoked 1s. per lb.; all carriage paid; full list on application.—The Longfield Bacon Factory, Farnborough, Wilshire.
CHAMBRICK (True Irish), in boxes, 6d., 1s. and 2s.; order now.—B. Gunn, 22, Talbot-st., Dublin.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
LADY Roid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gals, 2s.; teeth, at box 1st price, weekly, if desired.—Call or write, Sec. 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; comings purchased.—J. Brodie, 41, Museum-st., London.
LADIES' Tailor-Made Costumes to measure on Easy Terms, from 42s.; supplied on first payment of 6s. balance 6s. monthly; the latest styles with West End cut and superior workmanship and finish.—Call or write for free patterns and fashion booklets, Benson's, Ltd., 101, Edgware-st., W., near Marble Arch; 84, High Holborn, W.C. (opp. Pearl Assurance); 149, Strand, W.C. (opp. Gaiety); 69, Chesham-st., E.C. (opposite Queens); 23a, Goldhawk-rd., W. Shepherd's Bush Empire; 153, Finchchurch-st., E.C. (opp. Hood-lane); 71, 75, 78a, Camden-rd., Camden Town, N.W.
NOTTINGHAM Lace—Bargain parcels, 1s. each; beautiful handkerchiefs included free.—Neale, Manchester-chambers, Nottingham.
ALINCOATS, Ladies' 22s. 6d., Gent's 30s.; 5s. monthly; privately by post; also Suits, Cutlery, Blankets, Bedding, Boots, Watches, Rings and Jewellery on easy monthly payments; patterns and lists free; state requirements.—Masters Ltd., 75, Hope Street, Rye. Estd. 1869.
LAKE Parcels, 1s. each; 6d. gift included free.—Manager, 49, Station-st., Nottingham.

Articles for Disposal.

CUTLERY Services, 50 pieces, 50s.; all silver-plated spoons and forks, finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval will only—Mrs. Rowles, 56, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex.
BAIRY Cars from Factory on appro.; carriage paid; no cash profits; cash or easy payments; write for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 35), Coventry.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANTIQUES, old coloured prints, china, old gold, silver Chinese paintings on mirror glass, ornaments, etc. bought for cash.—Folhards (estd. 1814), 355, Oxford-st., W.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning A Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London. The Original-firm who do not accept misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought.—Prices increased; on a vulcanite, up to 7s. per tooth; silver, 12s.; gold, 15s.; immediate cash, or offers.—Call, or post, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, The Leading Firm, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years.
GENT'S Ladies' Left-off Clothing, old false teeth; good C prices.—Ed. Central Stores, 125, Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.
COLD Silver, Old Jewellery (any condition), wanted for C highest cash; watches, diamonds, teeth, plated articles, curios, furniture.—Stanley and Co., 39, Oxford-st., London, W.

FINANCIAL.

Rate, 5s. per line; minimum 2 lines.
APPLY to the old-established actual lender, Wm. H. Whitman, 42, Poultry, Cheap-side, E.C.
BRITISH and Foreign Loan and Investment Co., 6, Wilt-son-rd., Victoria, S.W.; Estd. 1880; money advanced promptly and privately; lowest terms; easy repayments.
D. PHILLIPS lends to all responsible applicants any sum from £10 on their own note of hand; repayable as convenient; no fees or expenses.—80, Regent-st., London.
£5 to £5,000 Lent; interest 1s. 4d.; Special Ladies Dept.
£5—Call or write B. S. Lyle, 89, New Oxford-st., W.C.
£5 to £5,000.—No fees or securities required; loans completed within one hour of application.—Apply immediately, Reginald Michaelson, 1, Argyle-st., W.
£5 to £5,000 on Note of Hand in 6 hours; no sur-ries; easy payments.—Arthur G. Whitman, 229, Seven Sisters-rd., Finsbury Park, N. Distance no object.

GARDENING.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
2/6 SMITH'S Prime Seed Collection, 2s. 6d.—One pint of Smith's Early Bird Pea, 1 pint King of Marrows Pea, 1 pint Golden Wonder Pea, 1 pint Broad Beans, 1 pint Kidney Beans, 1 oz. each of the following: Smith's Model Onion, Turnip, Beetroot, Radish, Cress, Mustard, Carrot; one packet each of the following: Parsnip, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumber, Savoy; given gratis, 6 packets of Choice Flower Seeds, one packet of Smith's Waved Sweet Peas, and 2lbs. of Potato, "Golden Wonder"; all named, packed free on rail, 2s. 6d.—R. Smith and Co., Dept. 1, Nurseries, Worcester.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS

Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready. SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay. Write IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plates, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. Illustrated Free List Now Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

13/9 Baby's Long Clothes, magnificent parcel, 40 articles; everything required; exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 13/9; worth £2/10; approval.
15/9 brown; extra long Buckingham Sole; richly satin lined; beautifully trimmed tails; neckties; large Muff machine; together, worth 43s.; sacrifice, 15/9; approval before payment.
23/6 Most elegant Black Fox Shaped Princess Stole; extra long, latest Parisian style, and large Animal Motif; together, 21/6; worth 43s.; approval before payment.
59/6 Lady's and Corset Muscaneau Seal Coat, model; originally 81s.; reduced to £2/10; approval withing.
13/6 Gent's fine Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch; improved action, 6 years' warranty; perfect timekeeper; also trouble Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval before payment.
12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filed, heavy solid links; 12ct. approval.
14/6 Lady's choice 18ct. Gold-cased Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 14/6.
25/6 Lady's Solid 18ct. English Bull-dogged Keyless Watch; fit any wrist; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 25/6; reduced to £2/10; approval.
22/6 Superior quality Blankets (a magnificent parcel, containing 9 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets) 44s. sacrifice, 22/6; approval before payment.
14/9 Colour Furs; long Granite Stole, trimmed tails and heads, and large Muff to match; original price, £23/1; reduced to 14/9; approval withing before payment.
3/9 Lady's 15ct. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Fuchsia pearls and topazes 15ct. approval.
9/6 (Worth £11/10). Pair full size Blankets, exceptionally choice, superior quality; 9 years' warranty; in valuet case; great sacrifice, 9/6; approval withing before payment.
19/9 Lady's Trouseaux; 24 superior quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Kitelets, Combinations, &c.; worth 41s.; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.

DAVIS & Co. (141) Pawnbrokers, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

Mazda

BRITISH MADE

DRAWN WIRE

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Better Light—Lighter Bills

Bournville Cocoa

"The results of our analytical examinations are eminently satisfactory, and BOURNVILLE COCOA compels approval; it is as near perfection as possible, and no perfection needs no praise."—The Practitioner.

7 ¹/₂ d. per ¹/₄-lb.

Mr. Bottomley on "The Future of the Hun": See "Sunday Pictorial"

WHY—M.P.s Dislike the Press: By John Foster Fraser in "Sunday Pictorial."

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

PAGES of Exclusive War Photographs in the "Sunday Pictorial." : : :

MOLAR-MAKING.



A number of women have become dentists, and girls are now being trained as dental mechanics at University College, London. This one has just completed a set of false teeth.

HOW WOMEN'S WORK IS HELPING TO WIN THE WAR.



Assembling No. 100 fuse. The photograph gives a general view of a shop.

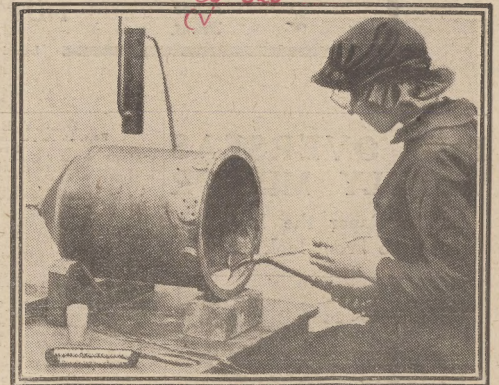
BRUTAL USAGE.



Lance-Corporal William Egan (Royal Irish Rifles), who has returned to England after being a prisoner in Germany since October, 1914. He tells of the brutal treatment he received at the hands of the Huns, and how, being an Irishman, they tried to make him turn traitor.



Building turbine motors.



Acetylene welding.

These photographs are reproduced from a book prepared by an expert engineer, who, at the request of Mr. Lloyd George, visited workshops in various parts of the country where the dilution of skilled labour is in actual operation. It shows what splendid work women are doing in helping to win the war.

FOUR-ACRE PLOTS FOR SOLDIERS.



Great interest is being taken in the new scheme for providing farms for disabled soldiers. These men are being trained in Cheshire before settling on four-acre plots purchased with Government grants.

CHILD'S "VISION" OF HIS FATHER.



Corporal McDonald and his six-year-old son John. Corporal McDonald was killed on January 30 at the front, and on the following morning John declared that he had seen his father during the night wearing a black badge in his cap and had been spoken to by him. The little boy, who lives at Hampton-on-Thames, says his father called to him by name.